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YOUTH, LOVE AND MEMORY.

BY CHARLES CONNOLLY.

Youth built an altar
Where Love might adore
The bright saint of his worship
Through time evermore.
And kindled it with wreathes
Flowers fresh from the stem,
And entwined them with many
A beautiful gem.
And kindled a flame there
Kindled a flame there
That should not decay,
While love was to tend it,
And watch it, and pray for it.
Then Youth onward passed,
With a smile—“I am old
That Love evermore
On his brow all the while;
And Love at Youth's altar
Gave hardly a sigh
That a being so young
Had force gone by.
But alas! Never more
Was his smile half so bright,
As when it blest Youth
With its radiant delight!

Love at length weary grew;
By the altar he slept;
With Memory entwined
And closed his woe;
For while Love was sleeping
The glory had gone
Of the fire that once
Over Youth's altar had shone;
She turned to Memory
The smoldering ray,
And Love woke up sly—
And then stole away!

Her task when complete,
She turned around them,
To wake Love to his watch
By the altar again;
But sad she found him, seated still in
Such deep Love had flown;
And Memory stood at
Youth's altar alone!
But still in her sorrow,
She looks through her tears
For a glimpse of lost Love
On the desert of years.

One summer eternal
One rosy cheek
O'er Youth's shadowing pathway,
Wherever it led;
And Love still pursues him,
While Memory keeps
Her secret altar
And evermore weeps.
But if angels in Heaven
Ever mourn above,
It is when they see Memory
Weeping for Love.

The Ocean Girl: or, THE BOY BUCCANEER.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST,
AUTHOR OF "CRUSIER CRUSOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

NED DRAKE AND DIRTRICK.

WERE we to dive into the secret history of boys' hearts, we should find that, while few had not at one time wished themselves Robinson Crusoe, scarce one had ever wished himself a pirate! The very word is abhorrent to the natural instincts, and only the utterly lost, no matter what may have been their social scale, have so disgraced both bravery and honor.

At a time when the police of the seas was somewhat more carelessly kept than it is now; when, despite the men-of-war which kept watch and ward near every shore, despite the revenue cutters that haunted every port—smugglers did a rare trade, and the business of slavers was at a premium—the coast of England especially afforded facilities for the fitting out of lawless cruisers, which, since the introduction of steam, can never occur again.

No more can a taut schooner lie hidden in some creek, or swash, or gut, awaiting such a wind as shall enable it, by means of its light draught, to choose its own time, and run forth while its royal enemy is bearing up to windward; no more dare the crews of such craft to use violence with coast-guard men, or tars who are sent to board her—the romance of smuggling is at an end.

But at the time of which we speak, it was very different. Then, under a mistaken policy, the temptation to smuggling between Great Britain and other shores was so great the facilities so wonderful, that though every point—north, south, east, and west—had its contraband cove, bay, cavern, or ruin, scarcely ever were they betrayed; while some, though their haunts were known, defied the most earnest researches of the minions of the law for two centuries.

Somewhere near where the Nore Light rides, a guardian angel on the English coast, lay at anchor, on a certain night, a taut, smart, and well-looking brigantine, that any sea tyro could have told by daylight, had reefed all its studding-sail gear, crossed its royal yards, put on its chasing gear, probably put its powder board—in a word, was ready to take its departure at any moment.

It was eleven o'clock, and the quiescent ocean to the eastward seemed, in the murky light, something like a vast prairie, except that there was more sound upon the waters than would, perhaps, at night have disturbed the vast plains of the extensive West. On board the brigantine they seemed to keep but a harbor watch, no one being visible on deck until the hour we have mentioned, when three individuals might have been seen moving along the deck. Next instant a boat that towed astern was hauled up, and all entered it.

The bow of the vessel was seaward, noting that the tide was running up, which was of advantage to the light skiff, its way being in that direction. The crew that entered it appeared to consist of two men and a boy, the latter seating himself in the stern



Ned Drake Adrift.

sheets, while the former rowed in the direction of the Kentish shore, or rather that portion of it which belongs to the Isle of Sheppey.

The youth, who steered, was wrapped in a boat-cloak, and appeared to assume to himself all the incipient airs which belong to midshipmen, when those young gentlemen, instead of being educated lads, taking after dinner, with a handsome mess service and wax tapers, were wont to gawp hard salt junk, mouldy biscuits, washed down by rum and bilge-water, the whole scene illuminated by a greasy dip, that dropped upon a table-cloth of no particular color.

The boy was, perhaps, thoughtful. Well he might be! He was an orphan, utterly ignorant of his own history, nurtured in a nest of smugglers, by a singular accident well-educated, accustomed, ever since he could walk, to things contraband and illegal, and now, something told him, about to enter on some enterprise more desperate, more venturesome and illegal, than any yet which it had been—his fate to see.

Edward Drake—such was his name—had been brought up from his earliest infancy by a woman known as "Old Meg" from whose hands he had passed into those of Joseph Gantling, the smuggler, captain of the Ocean Girl. At seven they made him useful; at nine he fractured his legs, by a fall in the hold, so badly that the coarse seaman was glad to leave him ashore for some time. Three months was the time agreed on, but it was extended to three years, from the fortunate accident, to Edward, of the smuggler being unable, during that interval, to show himself in England.

The lord of the manor, Sir Stephen Rawdon, had him taken in hand; and what with the baronet, himself a sailor, his daughter Loo, and the mild curate, Edward had a fine time of it. All saw his natural parts and talents, and were determined to come in aid of them. During the years that intervened between nine and twelve, Edward received the education of a gentleman.

Then came Joseph Gantling, his presumed uncle, a blunt, burly sailor fellow, who claimed him, rather authoritatively Sir Stephen thought, and the boy returned to his vessel. But as the skipper never treated him cruelly—on the contrary, with tenderness, respect, and even forbearance—the sailor-lad had little to complain of. It is true that during his three years of schooling his free-and-easy notions had been somewhat staggered, but two years now of free-trading had again somewhat blunted his sensibilities, while awakening in him that adventurous spirit which was once so prevalent in the English navy.

With these preliminary remarks and explanations we have sought to pass the time while pulling from the brigantine to the heavy and somber cliffs, to the foot of which Edward was steering his frail and fragile bark. The bay he had selected appeared a most unpropitious spot, being land-locked on every side but that by which they had entered, and from which they could see nothing but that vast expanse of waters that stretched in that direction to the shores of the Continent.

The boy, having guided the boat into a small creek, cast aside the cloak by which he was guarded against the night breeze, loosened his dirk, examined his pistols, and leaped lightly ashore.

"Smoke your pipes, my hearties. If any long-legged chaps come near, give 'em a wide berth," said the youth; and then walked away with the pride and authority of an admiral.

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the gruff sailors, who, lawless and rough as they were, loved almost as much as they admired, the daring boy who had been their leader and associate in many a perilous adventure and hairbreadth escape.

The young sailor—or as we may at once call him, the Young Buccaneer—though very slight, was tall for his age, and, if not entitled to any privileges of manhood, appeared, at all events, to claim them; for now that his cloak was removed, he could

have been seen in the careless undress of a naval officer, with a red sash round his waist, in which were stuck, in addition to his dirk, a brace of somewhat large pistols.

He seemed thoroughly aware of the path, which lay up the cliff, and was so steep and rugged that no one but a person utterly reckless of his safety would have followed it, unless confident of himself. To any one else, in that dark night, the danger would have been appalling, what with the darkness, the perpendicular nature of the precipice, added to which was the sullen roar of the sea dashing against the rocks below.

About half-way up, the youth halted as if to reconnoiter; nor did he do so a moment too soon, as might be discovered by the angry way in which he was addressed.

"What lubber's brat is that?" asked a gruff voice. "Is it egg-stealing you are there, at this time of night? Advance, and if you can open your jaw-tackle—let us have the word."

"What will three car-blades of a row and a pistol-shot bring?" asked the boy, in a ringing tones.

"A broadside, you powder-monkey. But where's your three car-blades of a row in a cockle boat like yours?" continued the irate sailor.

"The officer having left it," said Edward Drake, with dignity, "there are but two men; but if you don't let me pass, Dirtrick, I must give you a rap on the head to teach you manners."

"Ned, by Gom!" cried the other, laughing. "Law, how these boys do grow, and how cheeky they get!"

"Dirty Dick!"

"Sir!" said the other, respectfully.

"Do not talk in that way to your superior officer!"

And speaking thus, the young buccaneer turned a dark corner of the rock, and disappeared.

The sentry reseated himself, took an extra bite of "baccy," and looked out once more upon the channel of the great river. His was a history which, from sympathy, connected itself much with that of Edward. The man—a stout, under-built, awkward sailor of forty—did not even know his country. His face had something Dutch in it, with a Spanish complexion. He spoke little but English, while he was an excellent and admirable sailor. His name was Dick—from his complexion called Dirty Dick by his enemies, Dirtrick by his friends. This appellation, having rather a foreign sound and look, satisfied the foundling, who to many good qualities united one characteristic not very useful in his profession, that of sterling honesty and sound simplicity.

But if his moral qualities made the sentry somewhat of a butt on the part of his companions, his great physical powers, on the other hand, necessarily made him respected, especially as they were never brought into play except in dire self-defense, or to protect the weak and oppressed.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAVERNS CABIN.

The young officer of the Ocean Girl had entered one of those many resorts of smugglers, and often of worse characters, which then were to be found not only upon the British coast, but in English forests and deserted quarries. The dealers in contraband availed themselves gladly of every thing like a safe retreat—the subterranean passages of old castles and ruins, the vaults of a church, an empty house, the stable or the vicarage, were all one to them, so that they were out of the way. But caverns were preferred, as in most cases the knowledge of them was confined to the smugglers, who handed it down traditionally from father to son.

The one to whom we now introduce our readers could many a tale have unfolded had those bare black walls been capable of speech; not more, perhaps, than many a ruined tower that once held its head on high to the world, like some tall bully, but more of a peculiar character. It was a secret to every soul on the island except the smugglers and their associates. Originally it had been natural, but art had improved it. It exists no longer; big ships now ride at anchor where it stood. So rapid, in certain parts, are the encroachments of the sea.

The yawning mouth of the cavern gave, however, no idea of its vastness, for as you went further in it became higher and more arched. On the pathway were huge masses of flint, lumps of stone, scattered about as if by accident, but, in truth, acting as indications for the initiated. The youth walked steadily forward, as if familiar with the place, until he was in total darkness.

He then halted, and gave a shrill whistle.

Scarcely had the echoes died away within the vault, when a rough door opened, a man appeared, holding a torch, and the lad passed through to descend six or seven rude steps into a large apartment, provided with a fire, tables, chairs, and tenanted by half a dozen rude sailors, in Guernsey frocks, red caps, and high boots, whose countenances were certainly not recommendatory of their characters.

At one end was a small, well-made door, while to the left could be seen a hollow, containing the commencement of a spiral staircase that led upward to the summit of the cliff. Such was the renowned smugglers' cave of Sheppey Island, which for centuries was the retreat of contraband dealers, spies, and political outcasts, and which, within the present century, the remorseless waves have utterly destroyed.

Nodding familiarly to the rough assembly around him, Edward Drake passed through the public room, and knocked at the small door on the opposite side.

"Come in!" said a deep, commanding voice.

Edward entered, and pulled the door behind him. Any one who had not been accustomed to the place, might well have rubbed his eyes and asked himself if indeed he were not dreaming, so startling was the change from the rough cavern to the apartment in which he now stood. It was the perfect fac-simile of a ship's cabin in shape and furniture, and of a ship's cabin, too, of the superior order, its equipments bearing every mark of wealth and luxury.

The lamp that swung from the ceiling was of silver, and of a suspiciously sacerdotal shape, while around were cut-glass, mirrors, plates, and even hangings, which but half concealed the two standing bedplaces.

But, despite the ornamentation of this fantastic abode, few would have looked long at it, while tenanted by one every way so striking as its sole inhabitant. He was about five feet eight inches in height, tall enough for symmetry, the very standard for strength and agility. His face, which was neither regular than handsome, was marked by bold and haughty characteristics. The love of power could be traced in every line, a firm and determined nature in the compressed mouth and well-formed chin, while the gray and wicked eyes told of one who, whether for ill or whether for good, having once formed a purpose, rarely was turned from it.

From good he sometimes was, from evil never.

His costume was that of a naval officer, of no particular navy—it might have been borrowed from a theatrical property man or it might have been made by a fancy tailor. However this might be, it became

Joseph Gantling well, showing off his firm and well-proportioned figure to advantage.

Before him on the table were a chart, a pair of compasses, a bottle, some glasses, and a pipe, like a true sailor, the buccaneering smuggler being fond of his tobacco, of which, on shore and on board, he had the choicest that could be found from York River to Spanish Main, from the Mediterranean to Latakia.

The young officer stood still, waiting his captain's pleasure.

"By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes," he said, lifting his head, with a light laugh. "Sit down, Ned; I want a long and quiet talk with you. There's the grog, and there's the water; there's a pipe, and there's to be no tobacco."

"Thank you, sir," he cried; "I will wet my lips with nantz, but no tobacco. I'm a counter-blaster."

"Ay, ay, boy!" said the skipper; "just as you will. But now to business. The night is far gone, and we may have to sail early. I want you to take in every word I say; listen, and remember. But Ned, as you and I may differ, I want one promise—agree or not to my proposals, and 'tis the same between us—but, ay, or nay, on your solemn word, under no circumstances will you reveal what I shall say."

"On my solemn word, all that passes shall be a profound secret," replied Edward.

"'Tis well—spoken like a man. Now hearken, I am a rough sailor. I have, when my blood has been up, closed my ears to the voice of mercy, and seen blood shed without blanching. I have defied, and ever shall defy, the laws which forbid me from exchanging my tea, spirits, silks, and laces for other people's money. Men fear me, the mother hags her child with awe at mention of my name. I am to the world a smuggler, a pirate, a corsair—what have I been to you?"

This was said hoarsely, and with deep emotion.

"A kind and good father," said the boy, warmly.

"No! no!" exclaimed Gantling, with a slight shudder; "not a father, but a friend and protector."

"Well, sir, a generous protector."

"Even so let it be. You have seen me rough, brutal and violent; making my very crew shiver with fear. Did you ever fear me?"

"Never."

"I like your frankness, Edward. Well, forty and odd years make a great change in a man. Much as I love my sea-boat, that sits the waters like a swan, and cuts them like an arrow, I am weary of this life and would end it."

"Sir?"

"Think not I am going to sell my brigantine, buy me a lust-house, like a Dutch Meinherr, and settle down into a beer-swilling, tobacco-smoking old fogey. Not I! I dream of something better. What say, boy, to one more cruise that shall bring us more grit to the mill than any we have ever tried, and then away to some island of the sunny south, known to me, and known as yet to none besides; where Nature asks not even for our labor, but gives in rich abundance to all who will take? There, my boy, with this vessel and a chosen crew, we should be kings, sea-kings, with thousands to obey our will, from graybeards to girls dusky as night, but night with all her stars, their sunburnt blood mantling such clear, nut-brown skins as—well, never mind. You shall see my coral beauties, I call them mine, as, wrecked there once, I have left a memory or two behind."

"Where is this island?" asked the youth, half-fascinated.

"Under the burning sun, my lad, many months from here. That I consider settled. Never did I see such a land, never so gentle and amiable a people—naked, they used me well; but with a ship at my back, and wealth to give them, all they set store by in the land is own, Ned. I will be king, you shall be my hen."

Edward laughed, but at the same time the gleaming of his eyes showed that he liked the idea.

"I was once," continued Joseph Gantling, speaking now between his set teeth, "I was once in the service of my country, why or wherefore I left it, it boots not to tell. I left it, and though still I am an Englishman, and love my native land, I loathe and abhor her tyrant rulers, who—no matter what they did. When I think of it my blood boils, my cheek is coral red, and I feel that I must go mad, or be avenged."

"Avenged!" said Ned Drake; "how can you be more avenged than you have been?"

If depriving them of revenue is any satisfaction, you have done that to a pretty tune."

"The theft of a hen-roost or a brood of lubberly turkeys affects them as much," continued Captain Gantling, bitterly; "but I have them now; I can now make the hearts of some in high places bleed; I can—I can!" he gasped, "revel in their gold; I can hold in my hand lives dear to my very enemies themselves; I can have such vengeance as shall make all England rue the day she raised her hand against one who—no matter—in a matter—will this restless tongue never wag like other men's? Now comes the question—Will aid me, boy?"

"I must know more," said Edward, quietly.

"Know more!" cried the skipper, with a blood-red spot burned upon his cheek. "How dare—"

"I dare do any thing but obey orders blindfold!" exclaimed Ned.

"True I true!" muttered Gantling. "Chip of the old block. I must wholly trust him, or not at all."

"The best plan."

"I will. To-morrow or the day after, or when it suits our noble rulers, a vessel, a large East Indiaman, sails past here on her way to distant parts. She is richly freighted, boy; she carries out treasure untold; she takes men of mark and rank and name, and noble women, and joyous, light-hearted girls—and, and—mine enemy will be mine."

"Well, sir?"

"Well, sir," repeated Joseph Gantling, with an oath, "you would weary a saint. That ship, cargo, crew and passengers will be mine. I mean to have them all!"

"What to do with?" asked Ned, quietly.

"To do with—the ship to burn, the treasure to keep, the crew may do as they please, the passengers to sell, mine enemy to slay," cried the captain, wildly. "And the young women, sir?"

"We shall want wives in our new kingdom, as perhaps all may not care for dark skins and dewy eyes."

"Then, sir," said Edward, coldly, rising, "seek some other accomplice; for not only will I not be yours, but you are start on this

fell enterprise, I shall leave the brigantine."

A lioness shorn of her cubs looked not more fierce or remorseless than Gantling at this word.

"You young whelp!" he cried, hoarsely; "leave the brigantine!"

"Yes, sir. But listen. I have been brought up by you. I have, with every fresh bout of my life, learned to love and admire the life of a free rover of the seas. But, while ready to aid you in winning this ship, in gaining this treasure, the fight once over I must have your solemn pledge that no human life shall suffer, and that passengers and crew shall go where they list unharmed, even if you put them on a desert and aban-

doned island."

The corsair thought deeply as the other spoke. He was not all bad. Real or imaginary ills had driven him to a course of life which usually blunts every noble sympathy, and gives full swing to hate, ambition, guile, arming a man's soul against himself as much as against the great mass of mankind. Those who were aware of his early history, said that what he might have been few could say; and yet his early exploits were such as to give promise not only of greatness but much nobility of character ere he knew himself a villain—guilt's worst instrument, driven forth to war against mankind.

No word was spoken more. The chase was a stern one, and had circumstances al-

lowed, might have been a long one, but this the proximity of the ship prevented, as in twenty minutes, if not captured, they would be under her guns. But, another danger had to be avoided. While the royal cruiser was coming up with wind and tide, the Ocean Girl was lying at her anchors, without the smallest proof that man existed within the mass of black and inanimate iron.

"There's been ranks treachery here," mused Captain Gantling; "some of the asses on the island whom I have offended—or can Sir Stephen have suspected?—impossible! Pull, all those who would not be in

irons in an hour!"

As he thus spoke, the eight-oared cutter had darted through the mouth of the re-

tired creek where she had been lying, to find her passage almost cut off by what neither of them had noticed—two heavily-armed boats that darted round a point

surrounded by trees, and the officers and men of which at once began cheering.

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"It's a beautiful sloop," said the captain, as he bent to their oars, "the fellow shows long arms and plenty of teeth, as I can make out old King George's pennant on her top-

mast head. He is altering her course, too,

though he can not see us: pull! pull for

our lives!"

"With a will!" said the captain, as he bent to their oars, "the fellow shows long arms and plenty of teeth, as I can make out old King George's pennant on her top-

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quarrel about this girl! I will confess that I was smitten by her charms, and only that I subsequently discovered how utterly unworthy she was of an honest man's love and admiration, I believe I would have married her."

"Unworthy!" repeated Lucy. "Elinor Gregg unworthy? There must surely be some mistake here."

"I wish there was," he replied. "Over a year ago, I discovered that, on her leaving school, she formed the acquaintance of a rough farmer, who did not bear the best sort of a character, and, might before last, Rand and I found her almost opposite the Mill Creek House, lying in the mud."

Lucy Watterson clasped her hands in utter astonishment, and looked her brother searchingingly in the eyes as he proceeded.

"While Rand carried her here, I went for a doctor; and it was not until I returned that I knew the wanderer was Elinor Gregg."

"Go on," said Lucy, almost breathless. "Where is she now?"

"That I can not tell you. The night she came here she gave birth to a child, and the next night she fled the house."

"Since which time—"

"Since which time she has neither been seen nor heard from by any person connected with our house."

"Did she leave no clue—no trace?"

"None whatever."

"And the baby?"

"She took with her."

"This sounds like a romance," said Lucy. "Poor Elinor Gregg, and I always thought she was such a nice girl!"

"So did I," replied Chauncey. "I would have almost staked my life on her honesty. But, you see it's hard to judge some people."

"Very hard," said Lucy, with her eyes fixed upon the ground; "but, did mamma know that Elinor was your old favorite?"

"No; I thought best not to tell her. You know mother is so queer, and she might think that, possibly, I had something to do with Elinor's sin."

"And you mean to keep this a secret?"

"Yes."

"Well, I presume you are right," said Lucy, after a pause; "but, Chauncey, who are you going to marry?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Oh, I'm tired guessing! Please tell me."

"Then I will not tax your patience further. The young lady is named Grace Alward."

Grace Alward! Pretty, charming Grace Alward!" Lucy was all enthusiasm now. Her eyes sparkled; her cheeks glowed, and she clapped her hands in rapture.

"Yes, Grace," repeated Chauncey; "and I'm very glad my little sister thinks so highly of her brother's intended wife."

"I'm perfectly delighted with the idea of having Grace for a sister. Besides, Chauncey, I think marriage will settle you down some," replied Lucy; "and you know you have been a little wild!"

"I confess you I have been a trifle wild—but not more so than most young men of my age, and I am quite ready and willing to put on the matrimonial manacles at the earliest possible moment."

"And when is the wedding to take place?" questioned Lucy. "I hope it will be soon, for I can't bear waiting."

"In September some time; the precise day has not been fixed," was the answer.

"Why, Chauncey, that is eight mortal weeks yet!"

"And what are eight weeks? A mere pigment of time."

There was a light, bounding footfall upon the grass behind them; then a rippling, silvery girlish laugh, and then Grace Alward placed a hand upon Lucy Watterson's shoulder.

"Welcome, school-girl! When did you escape the dormitory?"

The two girls greeted each other warmly, just as girls would do; for an instant were folded in each other's arms, just as girls would be; then the trio started for the house again.

"How did you know we were here?" asked Chauncey.

"Your mother told me, and so I ran away from Ma to find you."

"You will stay at the Grove all night, then," said Lucy, entreatingly. "It will be too late to go home after tea; besides, I want to talk to you. I have a fund of information for you!"

Yes, Grace would remain, and ere the two girls went to sleep that night, they had talked over the past and present, and dreamed of the bright future that was to dawn for both.

CHAPTER X.

OUT IN THE WORLD.

DURING the first fortnight of Elinor Gregg's residence in the old house by the river, Chauncey Watterson visited her every day; or, rather, every evening, for he was too well known in the city to make his visits to such a questionable locality publicly, and in daylight. He was very tender and kind to Elinor, and there was a sort of considerate deference he always paid to her, which would have pleased some women so much that they would never have asked for anything more. But not so with Elinor Gregg. Morning, noon and night her mind was occupied with dismal thoughts of her dreadful position, and Chauncey never visited her that she did not question him concerning their prospective marriage.

"You can not know, Chauncey, what terrible thoughts come to me sometimes," she said one night, sitting by the fire, propped up with pillows, and looking very pale and pretty.

He had one arm on the mantel, and was gazing into the fire in a dreamy, abstracted way when she spoke, but her words were so solemn, and there had been such a death-like silence before, that he started and colored slightly.

"Well, that's all your own fault," he answered.

"My fault!" She bit her nether lip and looked up, astonished, as the exclamation escaped her.

"Yes, your own fault," he reiterated. "Have I not tried to make you as comfortable as possible? have you expressed a desire that I have not had gratified at once? have you asked for any thing money could purchase that I have not bought for you? Elinor, I think you are treating me unkindly—positively unkindly."

She did not reply at once; she was amazed—so much amazed, indeed, that she could not do any thing but stare up at that man, whose brow was like a thunder-storm now, and whose eyes glittered with the light of a terrible menace.

"Well, why don't you speak?" he asked,

at length. "You sit there and stare at one as if you had lost your wits!"

Her dark eyes grew luminous, and her scarlet lips became almost as pale as her cheeks. "I have lost my wits," she said, at length, pausing to catch her breath between each word, "and I have lost that which is worse than reason—my faith in you."

He shrugged his shoulders and scowled again.

"You must not try to frighten me with ugly looks," she continued. "I have passed the point where scowling affrights; I stand upon the brink of a horrible abyss; I feel the rock on which I stand—and which I once thought so firm—crumbling into sand beneath my feet; then why should I fear the glance of an eye or the curl of a lip? Chauncey Watterson, I believe I'm growing mad."

"So do I," he said. "You talk like a fool."

"I have up to this time acted like one," she replied, "but from this hour I shall be wise."

"Indeed I" he said; "wisdom is always welcome."

"Yes, but my wisdom came too late, I fear. Chauncey Watterson, I wish to ask you one simple question."

"Go on; but, pray you, let it be not too simple."

"This is no time for levity, sir," she exclaimed, fiercely. "Do you intend to marry me, and give to that innocent child sleeping there a name?"

He glanced over at the bed where the little rosy stranger slept, and then said:

"To be candid with you, Elinor, I think we had better come to an understanding at once. You are a poor girl, and, had I not met you, would doubtless have married a coarse, vulgar countryman, and settled meekly down to the drudgery of farm work. You are too handsome, too polished, too intelligent, to appreciate such an existence, and you will one day bless me for saving you from such social slavery as would unquestionably have been your lot!"

"I wonder what's wrong up there," thought Elinor. "Somebody sick, I suppose."

The supposition was quite natural, for it was three o'clock in the morning.

"Well," she muttered, half aloud, "if they don't take care of her, they will give her to some one who will."

Saying this, she walked firmly across the street; pushed open the battered hall-door; crept up over so many flights of dirty stairs until she saw a beam of light stealing from under door; then she kissed her burden passionately, laid it gently down, and, cat-like, groped her way back to the street.

Two men came along just then, talking about fast steamboats. To escape these she shrunk into a doorway, and then turned the first corner and ran headlong toward the broad river.

The baby cried now, and Elinor picked it up and nursed it by the fire until its blue eyes—so like Chauncey's—closed again.

Then she arose, wrapped it carefully in a soft satin wrap; placed around its neck a locket set with emeralds, and, bare-headed as she was, started down the stairs. They creaked under her, although she walked ever so lightly; and she could hear old Meg turning uneasily on her bed downstairs.

Pausing an instant only, she stole, like a shadow of fear, down the carpeted hall, softly unbared the door, and stepped out into the moonlight. Once she glanced toward the river; then she hurried up Front.

The streets were entirely deserted; not even a policeman was visible, and the tall black warehouses looked down upon the refugees like grim monster giants dumb under the magic spell of some hideous gnome.

At length she approached "Rat Row." It was dark, too, save in one of the upper stories, where a light flickered and threw a feeble ray into the street.

A woman, with a sweet, sympathetic face, came to the window, and threw out a bottle of drugs.

"Ah! I did not know that your father had a brother."

"Yes; he has been dead over twenty years. His wife died before him. Uncle Bernard was very rich, and—Why, he had only one child—a son. Poor little fellow!"

"What do you mean? Where is the boy?"

"Alas! dead, too! The whole family swept away! The boy was drowned accidentally in the river. I've frequently heard my father tell of the sad occurrence. And the money, that the poor boy would have inherited, went to my father; there was no other living relative."

Lorin Gray did not start, or show any sign of surprise. He simply said:

"Ah! I now see a family resemblance," and he looked at her in the face.

His stare was almost bold; then it gradually grew into a soft, tender glance. He closed the album and laid it upon the table.

Several moments elapsed, when the young man said, in a low, emotional voice:

"I have thought it very strange, Miss Minerva, that you should allow me to visit you—me, a poor workman in the Pemberton Mill."

He did not look up, but nervously edged his chair nearer to hers.

Minerva Ames trembled, and her cheeks were stained with deep blushes. But, her voice was calm as she replied:

"Tis not strange to me, Lorin. It matters not what you are, where you work, or where you gain your living. You are an honest man, and you once saved my life. I can never forget you. My gratitude is yours, always."

She had hesitated as she used the cold word "gratitude," "love" was on her lips.

She watched the effect of her words, and her eyes brightened as she saw a deep glow spring into the face of the mill-man.

"Thank you, Miss Minerva," he said; and now his voice was husky. "Will you bear with me; listen a few minutes to me, tonight?" and his words grew hasty.

The girl looked at him in well-feigned astonishment; then she bowed her head in assent.

"And I so much at stake! My father's fair name; and, what is more, his fortune, and another huge Babel of gold! Oh, I must have it! I must secure all! Ay, I have decided, and I thank Heaven I have been so bold. Yes, yes; I must have the proffer of Lorin Gray's love! If possible, this night, he shall be brought to kneel at my feet. He is an operative—common mill-man, it is true, But, where can one find a nobler type of the man, physical and morally—ay, intellectually, too? Alas, alas! Lorin, you must be sacrificed, because you have not that lever which, without a fulcrum, moves the world! MONEY! But he is late."

She glanced toward an alabaster clock, ticking silently under a crystal shade.

"What if that dark-brown man failed to give him my note? Or, can—"

She paused, and an anxious, uneasy frown came to her face. But she resumed:

"Can it be true, as I have heard, that Lorin Gray loves that pale-faced thing, old Silas Raynor's daughter? I saw her once—a weak-eyed, yet sweet-featured, child. There is nothing grand or striking about her to attract a man like Lorin Gray. Besides that, she is as poor as starving poverty itself. Ha! ha! ha! I'll not credit such an idle tale. Yet, what boots all this to me, if I have given Lorin up? Oh, heavens! But he must never know it! Strange about this girl, this child of the mill—she is nothing more than a child. That dark-faced man, who comes here so often, loves her, too, if I can read human nature. Then, too, I've heard strange mutterings from father about her! Good heavens; what can all this mean? Is she a witch, or a fairy in rags, a child, all the time?"

The door-bell sounded. Minerva started, and, despite all she could do, a deep blush mantled her cheeks, and her hand trembled as she held clung to the mantel for support.

"He comes!" she muttered. "Be still, my heart; behave, my soul! First, a grand and lofty conquest, then, Lorin Gray, you will never see me here again,"

"As you wish," he answered, and was gone.

She stood still, her hair floating down her snowy gown, and her eyes, dark and brilliant, fixed upon the spot where Chauncey Watterson had stood.

"No," she muttered; "you will never see me again here. Perhaps you will never see me again, anywhere."

Then she had loved him; how kind and sweet he was; and, bursting into tears, she fell upon her knees, exclaiming: "Oh, that should be the ending of all—that this should be the ending! Oh, that I could wash away the past with those tears!"

She turned as the parlor door opened.

"Mr. Gray has called ma'am," said the servant-girl who stood there.

"Show him in, Mary."

Then the tall form of Lorin Gray darkened the parlor door. He entered the room.

Minerva Ames met him with a charming smile, extending her hand warmly.

"I am glad you are here," she said, with charming frankness. "I was beginning to fear you had failed to get my note. I was very lonesome."

Lorin Gray took the lily tips of her fingers tenderly in his muscular hand, and, bowing over it with the grace of a courtier, said, in a low voice:

"Thank you, from my heart, Miss Minerva. But, you choose a strange messenger. Do you know the man who brought me the letter?" and he looked at her steadily though respectfully.

Minerva started just the slightest, but she replied, promptly:

"I know that the man is a workman in the Pemberton Mill, where you are employed. He was an employee of my father, years ago. He comes here sometimes to

see him—perhaps to consult him about his money matters."

As Minerva Ames uttered these words, a dark frown wrinkled her white brow, and she turned away toward a seat.

Taking a seat a short distance from the girl, he said, with a light laugh, and in the most respectful tone:

"A truce to Black Phil, Miss Minerva. I am grateful to him that he delivered your letter safely."

In a few moments, they were engaged in a warm and earnest conversation.

Time flew by and the night was passing.

Lorin Gray, now seated close to Minerva, held in his hand an open album. His eyes were riveted on two photographs, evidently copies from paintings. The pictures faced each other in that richly-bound velvet book.

A singular look came into the young man's face as he gazed—a sad, sweet, yearning look.

"You are interested, Lorin," said Minerva, softly and familiarly.

"Yes, Miss Minerva," he said at length, slowly. "Whose pictures are these?"

The girl slightly started, and a faint tinge of red came to her face, as she glanced at the two pictures.

"Why the gentleman was my father's brother—Bernard Ames; the other was his wife."

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your door. How long have you been in?" and she gazed at him keenly.

"Why, some time, my child. I did not feel like coming down. I was tired."

The girl said nothing. At last she removed her eyes from her father's face, and with a half-weary sigh arose to go.

She had not communicated much; it was plain that she had something back. Her father knew it. He stopped her.

"Have you had company to-night? Minerva?" he asked, as, in turn, he bent his eyes upon her.

"Yes, father, and enough of it," was the weary reply, as the girl resting her hand on the back of the chair, paused and faced her father.

"Who, my child?"

"Lorin Gray, and—"

"Lorin Gray! The impudent scoundrel! How dared he!"

Lorin Gray is not a scoundrel, father, and you know it!"

Minerva's cheeks kindled into a fresher glow than ever, as she uttered the words with dignity.

"Why, Minerva, what do you mean?"

"I mean that Lorin Gray, whatever his occupation may be, is a gentleman. Moreover, if he had money, none would be welcomed more cordially here, by you, than he."

"Let that go, Minerva," he said petulantly. "This man is not rich; 'tis enough. He must cease his visits here. The world will talk. But, was there any one else? Was Mr. Ar—"

"Malcolm Arlington was here, father," interrupted the girl, as her eyes flashed and her bosom heaved.

"Well, my child?"

"He came on an errand; he proposed marriage to me," said Minerva, in tones scarcely audible.

"And, my child?"

"I saved you, father. I accepted him."

And now her voice was a whisper.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BLACK PHIL'S AVOWAL.

WHEN Black Phil had accompanied Bessie Raynor home that night, he lingered for a moment by the door.

The girl had not spoken a word since after viewing that tableau through the open window of Arthur Ames' parlor. She had begged Phil to carry her home. But her unsteady, tremulous movements, her broken, pent-up sighs, which would now and then burst forth, told the man plainer than words what she was suffering.

He had endeavored to speak with her, but receiving no reply, he too, had relapsed into a gloomy silence.

But he lingered by the door after she had said a hasty good-night, and after she had entered the house.

"Bessie," he said, in a soft, subdued voice, as he slightly detained her by holding her shawl, "you've seen a sight to-night—enough to open your eyes, and make you look at certain things in the right light. I have only a word to say, Bessie;—only a word or two; then you can go."

He paused; his voice was almost a whisper.

In a startled, frightened manner, Bessie turned toward him. She trembled as she clung to the bolt for support.

"Well, Phil, what would you say?" she asked. "You know I have a wounded brother up-stairs, and—"

"Yes; I know it, Bessie," interrupted the man, though not rudely. He, all at once, seemed to have grown tame in the presence of this frail girl, who was scarcely more than a child. He loved Bessie Raynor, the rough fellow—loved her madly.

"I'm only a minute, Bessie; if you get tired listening, you can go."

Bessie moved impatiently.

"I know you are exhausted, Bessie; I know that you have gone through a great deal to-night—enough to try stronger nerves than yours. But now is a good time for me to speak, for you can compare my conduct with that of another man you know—one who has given you some signs that he loved you."

Bessie, still clinging to the door-knob, bent her head and listened.

"I know, Bessie," resumed the man, speaking more hurriedly, "that I am a rough-looking fellow; that I am old enough to be your father; that I am ill-favored and forbidding. I know, too, that I am not rich and can not offer you the comforts of a fine home; that I have been, at times, rough to you and Ross; I know that people who don't know any better say I have a wife already; I know that I am not as comely a man as Lorin Gray. Yes, Bessie, all this I know and confess. But listen, and I'll tell you something else I know: I know that Nancy Hurd is not my wife; that I have a good snug pile of money laid up; that I am strong-armed, and full of spirit to work; that Lorin Gray trifles with you, and is false to you; that his heart belongs to one who, though she spurns him and laughs at him, still leads him on, in the end, she may fling him over; that I love you, Bessie Raynor, more than a man of my rude speech can tell, and that I would die for you!"

He paused. His words had grown hot and impulsive; he spoke sincerely, and his hand reached out and grasped hers.

Bessie endeavored to draw back; but the strong hand of the mill-man held her as in a vice.

"Answer me, Bessie," he urged. "Whatever be your reply, I'll begin at once."

Tremblingly the girl raised her eyes and gazed through the gloom at his face.

"Your words are so sudden, Phil," she said, and her voice was very low, "that I can not answer you now. I feel that I am but a child, Phil, and you know I am surrounded by care and sorrow. My dead father lies in this room"—her voice sunk to a whisper—"and my wounded brother sleeps above. How can I think of anything else? But—"

She paused. Then, summoning her resolution, she continued:

"You may know this, Phil: whatever I may have thought of you in the past, I think better of you now. For your kindness to me this night, I'll always pray God to bless you."

Phil suddenly took her hand more firmly, yet still tenderly, in his, and pressing his bearded lip to it, said:

"May God, if there is one, bless you, too, Bessie! Good-night!"

He turned at once and strode away in the darkness.

Bessie tottered into the room, closing the door behind her.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "what have I done? Have I given that dark-faced man encouragement? Ah!—"

She paused and bent her ear.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 73.)

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THIS MODEL OF THE WEEKLIES,

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL.

There is something in this life besides riches and worldly honors.

A home, and the loving hearts that make it so dear, can not be valued; they are above all price.

After the toll of life is done, and the goal reached which ends the race, the man who looks around him and sees a wife—a pure and loving woman, whose heart beats for him alone—and children—precious ties which bind him unto the world—feels that he has still something left to live for. The care which his parents gave to him, he must give unto his children, and thus quit the world.

Again he sees the gray-haired mother, who thinks her boy is the best and the smartest in the world; the aged father, who sacrifices many a little comfort that his son shall have a good schooling, and a fair start for fortune; their faces are with him in his silent hours. Many a year has come and gone since they were in the flesh. The struggle is over; the victory won; yet the fruits are but dead sea-apples, beautiful to the eye but bitter to the taste. The spoils

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DEATH.

BY "CRAPE MYRTLE."

Compose the sculptured limbs,
Lay back the fair young head;
For the dark, relentless grave
Fold the pale, cold hand dead.

Down over the pulseless breast,
Array the sculptured form
For the grave's unbroken rest.

With gentle step and gentler touch,
Smooth back the silken hair,
From off that marble brow,
Which we deemed in life so fair.

Closes still the smiling lips;
And over the violet eyes
Press fast the snowy lid
To open in Paradise.

Like some tender, fragile flower
Crushed by the pitiless storm,
We found her sweetly sleeping
Upon her Savior's arm.

Then robe the sculptured limbs,
Nor were they mortal clay
For the spirit freed toward heaven has
winged

Its bright, celestial way.

In the Wilderness.

II.—THE FIRST CAMP.

With the patience and tirelessness of the Indian, old Ben led the way, and the adventurers toiled after. All except the student and Augustus had been accustomed to long marches and bore it well, but the long limbs of Bacon trembled with fatigue and the perspiration burst from every pore as he walked. The student was sustained by an indomitable courage, which made up for the loss of physical power consequent upon months of arduous study. Ben looked back at him from time to time and muttered something below his breath, complimentary to his pluck, and offered to relieve him of his pack, which kindness he received with thanks, but declined to accept, and Ben, in a whisper to Viator, gave his opinion of the young man in the brief sentence, "he'll do."

A length the brawling of running water was heard, and they came to the brink of a forest stream, bubbling over the stones, sinking now and then into deep, dark pools, the home of the speckled trout, and then dancing downward in long rapids, spotted with roses here and there. The eyes of the fishermen began to glow, but Ben stopped them sternly as they began to fumble for their tackle.

"Hold on, you critters. Don't you teach a rod this night, because every hand must help to build a camp. Come on."

Half a mile further on they came out upon a spot of ground beside a deep pool, where a boy waited with two pack-horses, upon which had brought up such of their traps as were absolutely necessary to their comfort, and which would have been difficult to carry in a march through the woods. Only one rifle had been brought, a beautiful "Sharp," belonging to Viator, the rest being double-barreled ducking-guns. It was as yet too early in the season for deer, and they were not the men to break the game laws, or suffer it to be done by others. The boy had dumped the packs upon the green-sward and had waited for orders, and when he received them mounted his horse, took the other by the bridle, and rode away through the woods.

"He can not get out of the pines before night comes on," said Viator.

"It's little my boy Ben cares for that," said the guide. "He knows the woods like a book, that boy does, and he'll make a camp som'er, hopple the horses, and wait till sun-up. Don't you be afraid for him, square. Seems to pull mighty hard on the greeny here, this tramp does. I told you he was a weedy chicken!"

While Viator and the rest were putting the finishing touches to the shelter, old Ben was putting up a cooking-furnace from the loose stone-stones scattered about—an easy job for an old woodman.

"Thar," said Ben, as he glanced with gratified pride at the result of their labors. "That looks ship-shape and orderly, I reckon; jest look at that outlandish critter, square," he cried, pointing to the recumbent form of "Spindle Shanks" stowed away under a tree. "Ef he ain't sound asleep, but I met 'em. I wish he were a red and I'd raise his ha'r; I would, by gracious. I don't take it kind in you, Square Viator, bringin' sech truck out here. Now, you build up a fire, and I'll go down to the pool and take out a few speckled fellers for supper."

And the old guide seized a hatchet, and attacked a rotten log close by. Every few strokes he stopped and fished out a large yellow grub from the rotten wood, which he put in an old tobacco box. After finding about a dozen, he cut a litho pole from the ash, trimmed it with a pocket-knife, attached a hook and line, and with this primitive tackle, walked away, calling to Spencer, the student, to follow.

Viator built a fire, got out the frying-pan and kettle, and made ready every thing for supper. In half an hour Ben and the student returned with a fine string of the speckled beauties, and the latter declared, with glowing cheeks, that he had caught most of them and enjoyed the sport immensely.

"Oh, I'll put color into the poor lad's face," said Ben. "He's bin stewing over them cussid books till he's a perfect shadur, but the woods was what he wanted! You hear me a talkin'?"

Ben had cleaned the trout as fast as they were caught, and he set to work over them with a skill which no French cook ever equaled, while Viator made coffee.

When all was ready, they sat down to such a feast as the epicureans might have envied. It is true that they had no better forks than their fingers, but they used these skilfully. The trout disappeared as if by magic. For some time nothing was heard save the suppressed notes of delight on the part of the feasters, and as they began to be satisfied they broke out into such exclamations upon Ben's cookery that the old man was fain to be gratified.

"Oh, hush up," he said. "Them chaps down the river don't know what trout ar'! I wouldn't give a cent for a trout that had been more than two hours out of water. We git 'em fresh, with all the juices in 'em, and ef I do say it, I know how to cook a trout. Yaas, I will take a little more of that coffee, square; you know how to make coffee, you do."

He held out his tin cup, which Viator filled, after putting in the proper quantity of condensed milk and sugar, and Ben sat pensively stirring it with a stick and sipping it as it cooled.

"You've led many a party up this river, Ben," said Viator.

"Yaas, square, I hev, for somehow the boys kain't git along without me. You don't know how many friends I've made in the years I've been up here. Thar's many a man that wears his broadcloth and sits in high places in Albany and York, that would be glad to shake old Ben by the hand, and have a crack over the times we've had here in the North Woods and out by the Saranac and the lakes. Thar ain't but little of it I don't know, boys, and I've bin in places whar no other white man ever stepped afore me. I'm a plain man, but when I'm alone in the woods, sometimes, I take off my old hat and look up to the sky, and bless the Giver of such a forest for a hunter to live in. I don't want no better home."

Night came on, and with it came the musketoes, and pipes and cigars were produced and the boys blew a fearful cloud. Luckily for Spencer, his one bad habit was smoking, and the vicious insects dislike smoke of all things. Unfortunate 'Gustus was the only one in the party who did not smoke, and to him the musketoes paid their undivided attention. While the rest lay placidly smoking, listening to the one thousand and one sounds of the forest by night, poor 'Gustus was fighting the battle of one against a million. He dared not penetrate the misty veil which hung about his companions, for the smoke would make him sick, and he bore his sorrows with muttered words which would not have sounded well in a pulpit.

Laugh and jest, story and song were round among the smokers, but 'Gustus had no delight in these things. The song which claimed his attention was the song of the musketo, and that was getting monotonous. The merriest jest from Viator could not rouse a smile in him, though the jollity of the others was uproarious.

At last, in utter despair, the unfortunate youth grabbed a blanket and dived into the shelter-tent, while, in the words of the immortal Jinks, "a cloud of the enemy followed him, and harassed his rear." The others witnessed his flight with shouts and laughter.

By one by the stars came out in the blue sky, and the moonlight dimpled on the water. The sounds in the forest seem almost deafening to a man new to such sights and sounds. "Croak, croak, croak," from the frogs, "whip-poor-will" from that melancholy bird, "who, who, whoo?" from the horned owl; the shrill cry of the loon, and the wood-duck's call, mingled in strange confusion. Our adventurers sat late in the clear moonlight, and then picking out their blankets, they lay down to sleep under the shadows of the gloomy pines.

A Love Story.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THE cold gleam of an April sunlight flashed on the plate-glass windows and rose-painted curtains of Mrs. Dagmar's drawing-room, shining as brightly on the tawny tresses of cold, proud Dell Dagmar, as she bowed to a passing friend, as on Tiny Fay's blue-black curls, that clung about her pure, pale face in such lovely, tendrill-like beauty.

"That was Mr. Elliston. He just passed in that lovely barouche of his, with those sweet white ponies."

It was Dell Dagmar who spoke so enthusiastically; to whose cold, proud face a little gleam of triumphant satisfaction came as Aymer Elliston raised his hat with such courteous grace; for Miss Dagmar—after due deliberation with prudent, thoughtful *meré*—had about decided that she would accept the owner of the white ponies and chocolate-colored barouche—when he asked her!

He had been very attentive to the Dagmars, and since there were no young people there, except ugly little Tiny Fay—why, of course, Dell regarded the affair as settled beyond the shadow of a doubt!

"Why don't you look, Tiny, and see him when I tell you?"

Miss Dagmar glanced over at poor, plain little Tiny Fay—conquered Tiny, whose mother was dead, and who had come to New York to live with Uncle Limeson Dagmar.

Poor child! a homeless home it was to her, where no one seemed to care whether she were sick or well, or happy or wretched. And what is more wretched than a loveless life?

"And he's turning around—there. Mr. Jerald has met him, and, I do believe, they're coming here! Run, Tiny, and pull down that green shade in the conservatory and

settle beyond the shadow of a doubt!

"But, little Tiny, you do not mean it?"

Elliston smiled—Tiny peeped between the folding curtains and saw it all.

"Surely, Mr. Jerald can have no reason for misinforming you, Miss Dagmar."

"And you'll be obliged to settle on a farm? Oh, that will be dismal! quite a change from Broadway, and the white pony—"

"A farm wagon and a plowman's pack, I presume you mean to say?"

There was bitterness in Mr. Elliston's tones, and Tiny could see the paleness of his face as he discussed the news of his sudden downfall. She thought it was because he was so troubled.

Dell was profuse of her sympathy in a cold, hard, heartless way, that made Tiny's eyes flash in unwonted anger.

Then Mr. Elliston signified his intention of bidding the lady good-morning.

"I suppose, since you've learned the news, I am not to be favored with a permission to call?"

"Oh, dear," simpered Dell; "I'm sure you are just the same to me as ever, only—only—"

She hesitated for a mild expression of her thoughts; Mr. Elliston frowned, and looked at his friend, Jerald.

"Exactly. I comprehend fully the situation. Mr. Elliston peniless is hardly a desirable addition to the fashionable circle in which the Dagmar's move."

He laughed gayly; and Dell's heart gave a sudden leap of ecstasy to note how like the old times, in his manner, he was.

"Yes," he said, looking earnestly at her; "I, too, wanted to see you and Mrs. Dagmar, very particularly. You can not imagine why?"

Dell raised her brilliant eyes to his; then

she was bound down by the codes of society

that she must give up the one bright dream of her selfish life.

"Perhaps you will convey my respectful regards to your cousin, Miss Fay? I never see her, lately. She is not ill, I hope?"

Tiny's heart gave a great flutter behind those rose-pink curtains.

"Oh, no; she is not sick. Tiny!"

Tiny heard the premonitory summons, and the hot blood mounted to her very temples.

"Tiny! Mr. Elliston wishes you."

So the plain-faced, curly-haired girl came forward, with such a shy, sweet grace, that Elliston wondered he never had observed it before. Involuntarily he extended his hands to greet her; and little Tiny, through her blushes, managed to bow and murmur some inaudible words, wondering at the while if Dell had discarded Mr. Elliston because Mr. Jerald had said he had lost his property, and feeling quite sure that it was the first time that Dell ever had summoned her to Mr. Elliston's presence.

To be sure they had met often and often during that long season, but, it was only for a few minutes, and then Tiny perfectly comprehended that she was to retire and leave a clear field for peerless Dell.

Mr. Elliston held her hands and looked down in her eyes a moment; Dell smiled a little impudently, and Mr. Jerald turned to see if the horses were quiet.

"You are a barefaced creature, Tinetta Fay! I am ashamed of you! and however you dared do such a bad, unwarrantable thing, is more than I can tell."

Miss Dell Dagmar scowled at the girl who had just entered the room, her jaunty hat and saucy still on, her short curly wind-blown over her pink, air-kissed cheeks.

Tiny stopped short, and looked inquiryingly up at Dell.

"Why, what have I done?"

"What have you done, sure enough?"

Mimicked Dell, her face growing pale with passion, "as if you are so innocent, you sickening thing you!"

Tiny's lips quivered; it was so hard to have her feelings wounded at the caprice of her passionate cousin.

"You've played your game admirably, you deceitful woman! You've never mentioned a word to mamma or I about meeting Mr. Elliston every time you went for a walk down the avenue! But we found you out, silly, artful minx! and now, you may just walk out of this house faster than you came in! Mamma saw Mr. Elliston, and he's coming here this very evening, and such a character as I shall give him of you!"

Tiny's lips did not tremble now; she drew her slight, graceful figure proudly up; her eyes grew indignant, and she looked Dell full in the face.

"Spare your words, Dell Dagmar! I will gladly leave this house to-night for I had intended going very soon at all events.

As to Mr. Elliston, I do not know that you should object to my seeing him, if he chose and I chose. When he was rich, he was too good for you, me thought. Now that he is poor, I suppose you think I am of your opinion—that he should be beneath my notice?"

Dell's eyes flashed at Tiny's unusual spirit.

"Perhaps you are in love with him?" she remarked, scornfully.

Tiny's cheek flushed; then she answered, quietly:

"Perhaps I am!"

Dell gave a scream of rage.

"You brazen creature! And I dare venture to say, you'd marry him if he asked you."

"Yes, I think I should, if he asked me," Tiny replied, quietly.

A sudden gleam of satisfaction lighted Dell Dagmar's eyes. Then they were not engaged, after all! She had been so afraid it had gone that far. Of course, or that she had learned that the news regarding Mr. Elliston had only been a mischievous canard by his friend, Mr. Jerald, Dell had decided to win him to her side again; and her heart went out longingly after the white ponies and their stylish owner.

But, little Tiny had taken advantage of the position; and Dell was fearful lest Tiny now had the game!

Well, she would make a last desperate struggle; and the first move was to order Tiny from the house, and then invite Mr. Elliston to spend an evening.

So, proudly silent, Tiny Fay walked down the brown-stone steps, and up the wide avenue, wondering where she should lay her head that night; and feeling a delightful security in the possession of a twenty-dollar gold piece in her portemonnaie at that moment.

She could go to a hotel for the night, at any rate; and, on the morrow, she would obtain a situation.

She turned the corner, a little absorbed in her reveries, and almost walked over—Mr. Elliston!

The servants had lighted the parlors, and arranged every thing in faultless order.

Mrs. Dagmar, in a heavy, trailing black silk, walked about in a flutter of delight,

for her favorite had been away so long;

and she was fully armed with her graceful little apostolites.

In her elegant dressing-room, Dell was preparing her toilette to do full honor to the occasion. A costly dress of light-blue silk, richly trimmed with velvet—one that Mr. Elliston had only seen times admiring in the past days—was the dress she selected for that evening.

She arranged her hair in floating curls, and left off all jewelry, except her watch and chain—because Mr. Elliston did not like jewelry except of a useful nature.

She went down to the parlors with the glow of color on her cheeks, and a vivid flush to her eyes.

She was beautiful, and she knew it; she was possessed of a happy tact, and she knew that too. Mr. Elliston had loved her—or seemed to—and she was confident she would win him to her side again.

Sitting by the register, reading, she heard the carriage drive rapidly to the door, then stop; she heard Mr. Elliston come up the steps; the ring followed, then his tread on the velvet carpet, and she arose with a smile of warmest welcome.

Dell was profuse of her sympathy in a cold, hard, heartless way, that made Tiny's eyes flash in unwonted anger.

Then Mr. Elliston signified his intention of bidding the lady good-morning.

"I suppose, since you've learned the news, I am not to be favored with a permission to call?"

"

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wish the murdered man out of the way—we shall find it difficult to fix the crime upon the person, even though, in our own minds, we may feel confident that we have put our hands upon the actual murderer," the Judge said, slowly and deliberately.

"I think that my evidence will furnish all the proof necessary to convict the murderer," Rennet replied.

"Indeed?" questioned the Judge, earnestly.

"Yes; some few days ago, while under the influence of liquor, Tendall uttered some careless words. At the time I paid but little attention to them; but, now, I feel sure that they will serve as a clue as to who and what his assassin is."

"And those words?"

"Had reference to the person who was paying him to keep his tongue still. I guessed at once who it was, and now, after the discovery that Bill and I made a little while ago, I feel sure that I can prove who it was that killed Tendall."

"I can hardly find it in my heart to admit this dreadful suspicion," Jones said, slowly.

"It is dreadful, but looks are sometimes deceptive. I think that if we proceed cautiously and promptly, we shall be able to find some other important proofs," Rennet observed.

"You think, then, that we had better act at once?"

"Yes," Rennet replied.

"Very well; I'll leave you in charge of the house and the body while I'll go and rouse the citizens. We shall have to call upon the Vigilantes in this matter; Injun Dick and his friends will probably attempt to give us trouble. Now that we have got our hand in, we might as well rid Spur City of two or three bad characters, or else string 'em up at the end of a rope as a warning. I think that we had better not proceed to active measures until morning. Do you think that there is any danger of the party attempting to escape?"

"No," Rennet replied; "all is dark in the room—gone to bed, of course."

"Plucky, eh?"

"More bravado than any thing else."

"Well, you and Bill keep watch here. After day-break the Vigilantes will act." With this assurance, Judge Jones took his departure.

"I feel like a durned fool in this hyer matter," Bill blurted out. "I wish I'd driv' my coach back to Austin instead of lettin' Ike go in my place; but, I won't be-heve it, darned ef I will!"

"You'll find out before-to-morrow night," Rennet said, dryly. Then he examined his watch. "Half after two; we shan't have a great while to wait until day-break. Suppose you go in the room there and bring out a couple of chairs."

"What, whar' the dead man is?"

"Yes."

"No, I'm durned ef I do!" exclaimed Bill, with a shiver. "I ain't afraid of much in this world, but I don't go in thar' agin till daylight, you bet!"

"Why, Bill, you're a coward."

"I kin eat the man that says it, ef you'll only cut off his ears an' greeze his head," Bill replied, stoutly. "Sides, that ain't any chears in thar'; I reckon you think that you're in New York or Frisco, a-callin' on your friends so handy."

"Perhaps there's a box round the entry somewhere?" Rennet suggested.

"I seed one a while ago, under the stairs," said Bill, after thinking for a moment.

Rennet took the candle, found the box, and brought it with him to his former station. Then the two sat down upon it and kept vigilant watch, though, as Bill observed, "it wan't much use to watch a dead man, 'cos he wouldn't run away, no how you could fix it."

Rennet did not take the trouble to inform the stage-driver that he was watching the living and not the dead.

The express office was dimly lit by a half a dozen candles, burning in the tin sconces attached to the walls.

The flickering light fell upon a half a dozen stern and resolute faces. The Vigilante leaders were gathered in council. Judge Jones sat at his desk; the others were seated around him. The most prominent men in Spur City were represented there.

Quietly they had assembled at the Judge's summons, roused from their slumbers by the call to duty.

The Judge made a short speech, recounting the full particulars of the murder of Gains Tendall, to which the others listened attentively.

"And now, fellow-citizens," said the Judge, after completing his recital, "I think that the time for action is come. I think that the strong right arm of justice should be felt by the rogues that harbor in our midst; it is time that they be taught a lesson. The Vigilantes must rise, take a hand in the game, and wipe out these scoundrels. Spur City needs purifying, fellow-citizens, and upon us devolves that duty."

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"Overland Kit!"

Each one of the little knot of men, grouped by the door of the shanty, started at this intelligence, and exclamations of astonishment rose in the air.

"You have captured Overland Kit?" the Judge asked, quickly.

"You bet!" replied the man-from-Red-Dog, in triumph.

"Where? where?" questioned all, gathering around the three in eager excitement.

"Up in the mountains; but he's passed in his checks," Brown said.

"Dead!" The Spur-Cityites were disappointed.

"I reckon that thar' ain't any more life in him than in a dead mule's tail," Jim observed.

"Tell us about it!" one of the citizens exclaimed.

Brown briefly recounted how they had discovered the body of the road-agent, covered with wounds, behind the massive boulders.

"Bore the marks of a desperate fight, eh?" Jones said.

"I reckon he did," Brown replied; "he was reg'larly clawed up."

Jones guessed at the truth in an instant. He remembered what the ruffian, Joe Rain, had said in regard to Overland Kit. It was plain to him that Kit had tracked Rain, had attempted to punish him for his treachery, but had perished in the struggle.

"We kivered the body up with rocks so as to keep the wolves from it, Judge; but the critters had commenced on the face afore we got there," Brown said.

"Well, I suppose that you may as well let it be just where it is," said Jones, after thinking for a moment.

"But, I say; what's b'ilin', anyway, fur to bring you out of your roosts so early?" Jones said, tartly.

"There has been a murder committed; we are going to arrest the criminal, and if

"No; I don't think any thing of the

kind," Haynes replied, bluntly; "but I don't believe in giving a dog a bad name and then hanging him right off. I go in for justice every time. I don't say but what our town would be better without Dick Talbot than with him; but, I ain't sure of it. I'm perfectly willing to ask him to leave town if the sentiment of our citizens is that way; but it ain't, and I know that it ain't. And I tell you, right out, fair and square, Judge, if we try to string Injun Dick up without reason, we'll have our hands full!"

"I kinder think Haynes is right there," said another one of the citizens.

"But if the evidence proves that Talbot had a hand in the murder of this miner, Tendall?" asked the Judge.

"Why, then we'll have a right to put him through," replied Haynes; "but I say, Judge, we'll give him a fair shake."

"Certainly; we will kindly justice on our side," the Judge said, blandly.

"Be sure you're right, then go ahead? that's my motto!" declared Haynes.

"Of course; unless we represent the whole of Spur City, our power amounts to but little. The people must be with us and not against us. The honest and peaceable citizens must feel that we are doing them a service in ridding our community of the desperate cases who have sought refuge here, or we shall be acting with our hands gloved."

A murmur of assent told that this point was well taken. A course of action was soon resolved upon, and an hour after day-break fixed upon as the time of action.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE ARREST.

The leaders of the Vigilantes dispersed to call out their friends. Bowie-knives and revolvers were in demand. The rising of the Vigilantes was something new for Spur City. The mining camp had never been so purified, to use the western expression.

Dark forms flitted like spectral figures from shanty to shanty in the early morning gloom.

There is something irresistible in Judge Lynch's summons.

The first gray lights of the morning were beginning to appear above the horizon. The darker shades of night were flying fast before the coming of the day-god.

Judge Jones and two or three of the committee stood in front of the express office in hasty consultation.

The programme was that the Vigilantes should not show their hands openly at first, but in case of an attempt by the rough element to obstruct the career of justice, to rise and make a terrible example of the ring-leaders.

At last the Judge thought that the chances were in his favor. The discussion was ended that he had been taking an active part in, and he leaned back against the corner of the shanty. The first light of the morning, struggling through the mist and vapors of the dying night, illuminated his iron-like face. A look of satisfaction gleamed in his cold eyes.

As he leaned carelessly against the corner of the building, his arms folded across his massive chest, and his eyes fixed on the peaks of the far-off Sierra, gleaming bluish-white in the misty light, he seemed more like the statue of an ancient Roman, fantastically robed in the garb of modern times, than a living, breathing pioneer of the great Western advance-guard of American civilization.

The lips of the Judge moved, though the sound of his words were inaudible to all save himself. He was musing half aloud—a sign of deep thought.

"He will be sure to make some demonstration when he learns who it is that is accused of the murder of this miner. If he will only allow his passion to carry him away so as to defy our power—attempt to rescue the prisoner—excite a disturbance—do any thing to give me a chance at him, I ask for nothing better. If he will only put himself in the wrong, so that I can have an excuse to string him up to a pine, I'd give ten years of my life, and I am not as young as I once was. How lucky this affair is! The odds are ten to one that it will drive Dick Talbot from Spur City; then who can keep me from the prize I seek to win?"

A look of fierce exultation swept over the face of the Judge as he put the question to himself. Victory seemed almost within his grasp.

The Judge was roused from his reverie by the sound of horses' hoofs. Three men came galloping up the street. The horsemen were the man-from-Red-Dog, the landlord of the Cosmopolitan, and Dave Reed.

The three pulled rein in front of the express office and dismounted.

"Say, Judge!" cried Brown, breathless, "we've corralled the critter!"

"Who?" asked Jones, in astonishment.

"Overland Kit!"

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"Wal, I don't keer if I jine in the funeral myself," the man-from-Red-Dog remarked, carelessly.

"Count me in, too," Brown said.

"And me; I go for order, every time!" Reed exclaimed; which remark, considering that the speaker had probably been in more "difficulties" than almost any other man in town, was something wonderful.

"Very well, gentlemen; we want all the good men in town; we may have to do a little cleaning out after we get our hand in," Jones said, dryly.

The approach of a force consisting of some fifteen men, marching up the street with military precision, put a stop to the conversation. The new-comers, all fully armed, were headed by Haynes.

"All ready, Judge, for a start," Haynes said, as he halted his men in front of the shanty.

"Life is short; we might as well be going," Jones remarked, putting himself at the head of the party.

Up the street went the squad, counter-marching, and halted in front of the Eldorado. All within the hotel were apparently still asleep.

After deploying the squad so as to surround the building, Jones and Haynes entered the hotel. They ascended at once to the second floor. There they found Rennet and Bill seated on the box keeping guard.

"Every thing all right?" the Judge asked.

"Ain't a mouse stirred," Bill replied.

"The party is still here, then?"

"Yes; there hasn't been a movement in the room," Rennet said, rising to his feet, an example which Bill followed.

"I suppose that we might as well make the arrest now as at any other time," the Judge observed, slowly. It was plain that the duty was a disagreeable one, and that he hated to act in the premises.

"The sooner the better, I think," Rennet replied. "Justice shouldn't lag in a case of this sort. I think that the sooner we get the party out of this the better it will be, for, if the affair gets noised around, there may be a few, impelled by sympathy, who will interfere and make trouble."

"That is all provided for!" the Judge exclaimed, quickly. "I've got fifteen or twenty well-armed men down-stairs; enough to drown down any attempt at a rescue."

"You had better make the arrest, then, at once," Rennet said.

"Where is the body?" Haynes asked.

"In that room that," Bill pointed to the door.

"This is the room, isn't it?" Jones asked, after pausing irresolute for a moment, pointing to the door of Jimmie's apartment.

"I don't think so. You yourself acknowledge that the work was well done."

"Well, don't get excited about it. Here, take a glass of this brandy; it's just the thing to warm up the cockles of your heart this bitter night."

"Come, now, none of your tricks on me, Mart. Hinckley, for I won't stand them."

"What do you mean by calling me Mart. Hinckley?"

"Only a playful habit I have of addressing persons by their proper names."

"Well! That isn't mine."

solved to be no more cast down, or allow myself to be despondent. If it was God's pleasure that I was to remain upon the island for my lifetime, I must submit to His will; but, if He saw fit to have me taken from it, He would do it in His own good time."

"Your story is a very wild one, and sounds like a novel," said Mr. Atkins.

"It is a true one; and, as I told you how I was punished for murmuring, I must now tell you, how I was rewarded for my submission. One day, as I was reading over Ben's old scrap-book, I came to the passage: 'When you are in trouble, remember that the Lord will provide.' I looked up, and saw a vessel coming directly to the place where I was sitting. The captain, on hearing my story, was surprised. Taking me on board of his ship, we sailed for home."

"On the vessel was an old gentleman who was returning home from India, to spend the remainder of his days among his kindred and friends. On the voyage, which was a stormy one after I came on board, the old man was taken ill, and, as every one else was engaged in handling and taking care of the vessel during the storm, it devolved upon me to nurse and make the invalid as comfortable as might be."

"This I cheerfully did, waiting upon him day and night, administering his medicines, reading to him during the long days, and relating for his amusement the adventurous story of my shipwreck, and how I lived on the island."

"But all was to no purpose. The thread of the old man's life was run out; and one day, after being left alone with the captain and another passenger, who proved to be a lawyer, for several hours, he sent for me, made my good-by, and in a few hours was dead."

"After the burial, the captain summoned me to the cabin, and displayed his will, by which I was made the sole heir to all the old man's wealth."

"And you have all his property?" said Jessie.

"Yes, all; but the dearest property I have now, is you, my darling girl. Would to Heaven your angel mother could have been spared to see this day."

"For that you must blame me," answered Mr. Atkins. "Had it not been for my selfish and foolish pride of caste, this might have been prevented."

But Jessie's father replied. "Let the dead past, bury its dead."

"The skeleton in the woods still remains a mystery to me," said Henry.

"And, until the last great day, must remain so. The only conclusion I can arrive at is this: The man who robbed me must have been going through the forest, when he was seized with a fit," answered Jessie's father.

"Faith! And I'd like to find a father wid a heap o' money," said Pat.

"Your kindness to Jessie must never be forgotten, and a home with you shall always have," replied Mr. Murker.

"If I wasn't a youngster, and you wasn't the true gentleman that ye are, I'd be aifter calling you a 'broth o' a boy,'"

"Pat is a noble fellow, and it is to him that we owe Jessie's preservation," said Henry.

Mrs. Smart had her house full that night, and her guests were visited with calm and pleasant dreams.

The two men, whose lives had been so suddenly terminated, were buried the next day. Their lives had not been good ones, and we can, without a regret, dismiss them from the scene.

CHAPTER XIII.

EXTINQUISHING THE LIGHTS.

WHENCE this clapping?—whence these loud braves? It is indeed a gala night, and the — theater is crammed from floor to ceiling. It is the benefit and last appearance of the "Boy Clown." Yes, after tonight, he retires from his public life. Mr. Atkins has offered Henry a home, which has, this time, been accepted. Perhaps the knowledge that Jessie's father has purchased a plantation adjoining it, has had something to do with his decision.

The time had come for Henry's farewell speech, and as he was preparing to utter it, the manager, in behalf of the company, presented him with a magnificent gold watch and chain.

"Kind friends," said the Boy Clown, "let me thank you, one and all, for your kindness. What is life, after all, but a circus-ring? We are continually striving for some great end. We leap over banners, either to fall on the ground of poverty, or land safely and firmly on the good stead, prosperity. As a circus must always have a clown, so must life have its jesters, and as John Owens says in 'Solon Shingle,' it's just so."

The Boy Clown's task was over, and as he threw off his motley suit, he gave a sigh, as though he repented of what he was about to do. But the thoughts of Jessie cheered him. He dressed and went in search of his party who were waiting for him in front of the theater.

The next day Atkins, Murker, Jessie, Henry and Pat started for their Southern home. Pete and Dinah were the first to notice their arrival, and many were the bows and courtesies bestowed upon them. Mrs. Atkins had many a start of fright when she heard all that had happened, but she said she always did doubt Jessie's being Hinckley's daughter. There was a visit to the churchyard by all of our group, and many a tear fell on the tombstone marked, "Lizzie." Perhaps her spirit watched them, and was pleased. Who can tell? Lizzie's life had been a sad one. Cast away from home, she had wandered with her child, until she reached the hut of the old woman, where she left the infant. She was made to believe that both her husband and child were dead.

But, why linger over these sad scenes? Lizzie in a happier land, where she will be joined by those she loved.

Pete and Dinah had a grand wedding, and Pete "vared to goodness dat he'd never tasted better fixin's to de geese or chickens" and "dat dem geese never had better hands laid on dem, dan Miss Dinah's."

"Lor's, Pete, you make dis nigger rain, and vanity is a cryin' evil and a sin. Dem geese hasn't got no feelin's, for if dey had I wouldn't be so cruel as to hurt dem," answered Dinah.

"Well, Dine, you didn't seem to keer how cruel you treated me once, when you 'fused to hab me."

"You oughter opened your testiment and found consolidation (consolation) dere."

"So I did, Dine, so I did, but de good book said, 'it is not good for man to live alone,' and dat book allers speaks de trufe."

"Well, you's got me now and you oughter be satisfied."

While they were dancing and feasting, a wagon drove up, driven by our friend the peddler. He had been traveling, and learning that his once-companions were staying at the Atkinses, had made them a call. He brought them the news of the death of Jessie. Her "darter with the pension" was there, and endeavored to set her cap for the peddler, but he followed Sam Weller's advice, and "bewared of the wide's."

Our young Irish lad, Pat, worked on Mr. Murker's plantation, as he said he "was bound to aim his board."

One day, Henry received a letter from his former friend, Charles Morton, informing him of a severe illness. Henry at once wrote for him to come and make him a visit. He had not forgotten his midnight vigil.

"Ah! Charley," said Henry, as they were together, "I little thought that day when you told me to beware of Hinckley, so many ills and perils would surround me. Pat will insist that, as I have escaped from death so many times, I must have been born to give it."

"I scarcely think his prophecy will turn out a true one. Perhaps Jessie is the one to hang, but it will be around your neck, and that kind of a chain you wouldn't mind."

Henry blushed.

"Why should you blush, Henry? Jessie is a good girl, and you are a good boy. You love her, and she—"

"Does she love me?"

"Of course; why should she not?"

"I've sometimes thought, since you have been here, that she came over to see you very often."

"Jealous, Henry? You have no need to be."

"She loves none but you, and I hope to get well enough to dance at your wedding. So you needn't let the green-eyed monster attack you again. She is an angel of sympathy and kindness. She feels friendship for me—nothing more; but it is love she has for you."

Charles was right. Young as they were, they had each deserved the other's love.

A little more to say, and our story is done.

Pete and Dinah are the jolliest couple out, and if you desire to see two sets of shining ivories, just get Henry to tell a few of his circus jokes to them (of course). I mean the owners of the said ivories. Pat is a great favorite on the plantation, and he has caused many an unmarried wench to fast on midsummer's eve, and at midnight lay a clean cloth, with bread and cheese, and ale, sitting down as if going to eat, the street door being left open, solemnly assuring them that the person they are to marry will come into the room, and drink to them by bowing, afterward fill the glass, make another bow, and retire.

Charles is rapidly improving in health, and, at his own desire, will rejoin his circus. Mr. and Mrs. Atkins find in their son-in-law a noble and upright man, and proud of him they are, too. His care of the grave of the dead Lizzie proves how much he loved her.

Jessie is loved by all, especially by Henry.

And of the young gentleman who serves as a title to these gathered threads? Does he not deserve a happy life? He has it now. But, in the future, he sees a vision of leading Jessie to the altar as his bride; and between you and me, kind reader, the vision will prove a true one. The Boy Clown's record is done. He has had many an adventure, and if the narrator has failed to depict his career as would an able pen, he lenient and criticise not too harshly.

The circus is out.

Extinguish the lights!

THE END.

The Son's Revenge.

BY CARLOS B. DUNNING.

COME, rout out, Ned! we've determined to be off to-day. The Indian has come in, and brings the best kind of news. By Jove! we'll make the fly fly this trip, or I'm mighty out of it!"

Such were the words that saluted me on waking from a sound sleep, as I swung in my hammock under the perch of a house in Albuquerque.

Our party, numbering twenty-nine, all mountaineers without exception, had been waiting several days for the return of our Indian runner, who had agreed to bring us certain information in regard to the country we proposed penetrating.

Some of the boys had objected, and seriously, to start with the above number, ascertaining it was an unlucky one, and insisting that an effort should be made to secure one, and thus make the even thirty. One or two of the old trappers strongly advocated this, and finally it was decided to try and secure a suitable man to join us.

The knife then rapidly did its work, and every drop of precious blood was caught from the gaping wound in the poor brute's throat, to be equally divided among the perishing men.

Six days of this terrible suffering, and then a gap in our ranks. We buried him in the sand, and again began our weary tramp on the return path.

But why dwell upon those terrible days? Nearly half our number had fallen and died by the wayside, and still we staggered forward, our faces to the east. At length, just at nightfall, the stranger, Verde Oakley, gave out, and declared that he could go no further.

His powerful frame had shrunk almost to a skeleton; his face had taken on that hard, drawn look so peculiar to the near approach of death, and his eyes, now sunken deep in their sockets, glared with the fire ofincipient insanity—insanity from terrible physical suffering.

Under the eastern side of a sand-hill we threw ourselves down to rest for the night. But what a rest it was! Oakley lay, as he had dropped, flat upon his back, his arms thrown helplessly out upon the sand, his eyes set with a fixed stare, upon the darkening sky above, and his mouth wide open and gasping painfully as he drew the heated air into his parched lungs.

Seated some little distance off, I gazed upon the dying man with feelings hard to describe.

At once he turned his face toward me, and with difficulty called my name; at the same time making an effort to rise to a sitting posture; failing which, he fell helplessly backward before I could reach him.

I have been thus particular in describing this man, from the fact that the incident I am about to relate concerns him more nearly than any other.

Leaving Albuquerque about noon, we struck out for the San Juan mountains, it being our intention to cross through Campbell's Pass, thence northward, to where Fort Defiance now stands, and from there enter

the great unknown tract that stretches away to the Wasatch mountains on the north and to the west, no man knew how far.

I need not dwell upon the general features of that long, and, as it proved to be, terrible tramp.

Although we entered and passed through the finest hunting-grounds that any present had ever seen, yet we were possessed with the idea that better still lay beyond, and at length whispers of gold-hunting began to be heard among some of the younger rangers.

Our Indian scout had uttered some vague hints as to a certain valley, rich in treasure, that lay upon the further side of a desert reach; and, with this view, the majority lost sight of the real object of the expedition.

In the discussion that ensued, Verde Oakley took sides with neither party. He was still indifferent as to where we went, and when, at length, he was appealed to give his vote, he declined, with the assertion that he had no right to a voice in the matter.

There was another of the party who manifested a like indifference, but, as he was an old comrade, and we were used to his ways, nothing was said to him upon the subject.

Eldridge, or, as he was better known, Ridge Rowan, had joined our party a year or so previous to the present time, and, as he was known to have served under Jack Hayes, he was, of course, a welcome addition to the "Free Rangers," as we were termed.

Where he had originally come from, none of us knew, though there was a rumor that, when he was yet a mere boy, his father and eldest brother had been foully murdered by a secret enemy, and that the shock had killed his mother, thus leaving him alone in the world. This rumor further said that Rowan had persistently hunted the murderer, since then, but had never succeeded in running him to earth, and that he was now pursuing his present course of life in hopes of discovering him somewhere amid the Western wilds.

Numbers carried the day, and, sorely against the judgment of the older rangers, we broke camp and turned our horses' heads toward the jugged rocks below. The mother!

"Died! Perished of a broken heart, you double-dyed villain!" shouted, though the tones were weak, a hoarse voice behind me, and, before I could interpose in any way, Ridge Rowan had thrown himself upon the dying man, with one hand upon his throat, and the other plying his long, keen knife with desperate force and rapidity.

So quickly was the thing done that I was completely taken by surprise, and, when, at length, I succeeded in dragging the now raving man from off his victim, the latter's spirit had fled through a dozen gashed wounds.

The only words uttered by Rowan were, "I have found him at last," and these he continued to repeat over and over again.

The sudden excitement, combined with the excessive physical prostration, had, as I have intimated, made the young man a raving madman.

We confined his arms with a lariat, and next morning, after burying Oakley, we renewed the terrible march.

Pressing rapidly forward, all eager, now that we had fully determined on the venture, to make the attempt to reach the golden valley, although we well knew how great was the difficulty and how fearful the danger always is in crossing a desert of any considerable size.

How great the extent of the one that lay before us we knew not—our only guide being the direction of the Indian, who had said, ride three days due west from where we stood, known locality, and we would strike someswhere in the neighborhood.

By noon of the day following we observed the timber thinning out fast, and, here and there, patches of sandy soil cropping out.

At nightfall of the same day we stood upon the crest of a low range of sand-hills overlooking the desert that stretched away toward the west.

We had laid in a supply of jerked buffalo and venison, the water-gourds were freshly filled, and, at daylight the next morning, we were in the saddle and off upon our reckless journey over the sandy waste.

Riding steadily, and halting only for a few moments at noon to breathe the "cat's-eye," we made extraordinary progress, considering the nature of the ground, and, just before sunset, one of the fellows called out that timber was in sight.

There, along the horizon, lay a dark line, the appearance of which was familiar to all; but, after an hour's hard driving, and finding that we were no nearer than at first, we reluctantly gave in to the assertion of old Joe Logstone, the most experienced of the band, that we were pursuing a shadow, or, in other words, a mirage. With the setting of the sun the delusion vanished, but only to return with its rising, in many and varied forms, ever beckoning us onward, only to fade away when we were most certain of the reality.

I need not attempt a description of the days that followed, or how, at last, we became imprisoned, as it were, in a labyrinth of bottomless chasms, endless canons, inaccessible cliffs, and towering rocks, each like the other that even the experienced eyes of our oldest guides became confused, and failed to find a path from out the hideous place.

To go forward was now looked upon as certain death; to return fully as desperate.

The water had given entirely out, not a drop remaining, and no earthly prospect of obtaining any.

One by one the animals fell, overcome by the intense heat of the sun from above, and that of shimmering sands under foot.

The knife then rapidly did its work, and every drop of precious blood was caught from the gaping wound in the poor brute's throat, to be equally divided among the perishing men.

Six days of this terrible suffering, and then a gap in our ranks. We buried him in the sand, and again began our weary tramp on the return path.

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But what a rest it was! Oakley lay, as he had dropped, flat upon his back, his arms thrown helplessly out

CHOOSE THE RIGHT DAY.

BY JOSEPH PLACKETT.

It is not long since I was frightfully green.
In fact, I never had this life,
Yet I thought that enough in the world I had seen
To venture my hand for a wife.

So, sitting the dead to the thought, I soon sped
To old Deacon White's, handy by,
And "popped" to sweet Maggie—when slap at my
head.

A dish of soft soap she let fly.

I made myself scarce with the speed of the wind,
"You may bet," without any *adieu*,
Concluding, a "better-half" elsewhere I'd find,
Or I'd sail in a single canoe.

But Maggie wa'n't ugly, as you may suppose,
Nor surly, nor thus-wise inclined,
But when meek as a lily, fair as a rose,
With a more becomingly head.

'Twas washin' day, and she sits deep in the suns,
Sharing all the vexations of woe;
And you know when a woman is dousing the duds,
She's as savage all say as a Turk.

But none is so ready as she to repair
An injury wrought, or a blow to atoms,
And so I succeeded in this slight affair.
By letting Miss Maggie severely alone.

The sweetest apology very soon came,
With a wish "to atone this affair;"
I gave her my terms; she accepted the same;
And I was made happy right there.

And when it was o'er, and the knot all complete,
She whispered, "I've something to say:
Men are proposing, with triumph would meet,
They should choose, always choose the right
day."

The Vailed Sorceress.

A TALE OF LONDON.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

WHEN the infamously licentious Charles II. found himself firmly seated upon the throne of his decapitated father, and was sated with Roundhead blood, he looked about him to fulfill, and magnificently at that, an oath made in the interest of Sir Esterbrook Falcolm, his trustiest cavalier.

In the darkest period of the monarch's life, when he was compelled to hide in trees, under huts and mischievous fens to escape the vengeance of the regicides, Sir Esterbrook alone remained faithful, and, to reward him, Charles swore to place in his hand that of Editha Howard, the only child of the infirm Sir Jarold Howard, and the most beautiful woman in England.

The symmetrical form and prepossessing features of Sir Esterbrook had gained him the cognomen of the "Apollo of the Army," and he though his handsome self irresistible to the comelier sex.

Editha Howard!

His sin-stained heart leaped with joy at the vow of the hunted Stuart, whom he saw with prophetic vision seated upon the English throne. He did not serve Charles so faithfully through patriotic motives; he served for a reward as yellow as dying sunbeams, or the hand of the woman he passionately adored—Editha Howard.

The Stuart had intended, when fortune smiled upon him, to wrest Editha from the heart of her only remaining parent, and make her a bright, but lost, jewel in his contaminated court. He never dreamed that his follower's heart was set upon her, and was surprised, when he told Sir Esterbrook to ask any boon at his hands, that, instead of craving titles, lands, or gold, he should ask what was not his to bestow—a woman's hand.

Notwithstanding this, the merrie monarch gave it to him, and swore that he should possess it.

The lamb loves not the wolf.

Thus it was with Editha Howard—she loved not the cavalier who came to her from the bacchanalian walls of a corrupt court, and, on bended knees, poured into her ears protestations of love.

When Sir Esterbrook asked her hand in marriage, she boldly refused it, telling its owner that he had best seek a companion in the palace.

The rejection soon reached Charles' ears. "I will humble her, Falcolm," he said, with a meaning smile.

That day, Editha's gray-haired father was arrested upon a charge of treason, and immured in the tower. His trial and condemnation to the block speedily followed, and, almost crazed with grief, the girl sought the king.

Instantly her cheeks paled at the thought of becoming the bride of such a man; but, though she knew that it would break her heart and make her an early tenant of the tomb, she consented.

"Now let me liberate him with my own hands!" she cried. "Let me—his child—bring the first ray of sunshine to his heart."

The monarch, ignorant of the state of affairs in the earl's cell, acceded, and sent Editha to the Tower with a guard, and the keys in her own hands.

She reached her father's cell, and threw wide open the massive door.

"Fa—" The endearing name froze upon her lips at the sickening sight that met her gaze.

Stretched upon the floor, lifeless, yet still bleeding, lay the parent she came to liberate.

Murdered!

Upon the ghastly object she sunk insensibly, and awoke to consciousness in her own chamber.

Falcolm's impatience had baffled him. Fearing that Editha would not exchange her hand for the liberation of her father, he had caused him to be murdered, unbeknown to the king, thinking that, in the midst of her grief, the poor girl would consent to become his.

The night following the burial of the basely murdered nobleman, Editha mysteriously disappeared.

Determined to find her, Sir Esterbrook let loose his spies, and after a week of search the hunt suddenly came to a termination.

They found the body of a woman floating in the Thames. The delicately-molded features were disfigured by the fishes; but Editha's well-known ring encircled one of the tiny fingers, and so the ghastly object was laid away in the family vault, where slumbered many a generation of Howards. In a fit of insanity, occasioned by the death of her father, the beautiful one had taken her own life, and the cavalier, upon whose hands her innocent blood appeared, turned to new conquests.

One night, six years subsequent to the thrilling incidents related above, Sir Esterbrook Falcolm felt an arm thrust through his, as he walked in the court of the royal palace.

He turned, and beheld his friend, Sir Mortimer Vere.

"Ha! I have found thee at last!" cried Sir Mortimer. "I came to bear thee from the gay company assembled here."

"Whither, Sir Mortimer?" asked Falcolm. "By my troth, I was wishing for a change of scene when thou camest."

"I am going to consult Siballa, the sorceress, and would that thou wouldst accompany me."

"With all my heart, Mortimer," cried Falcolm. "I would know the future, which I have been told this woman can reveal."

"Ay, and tell thee of the past, too," said Sir Vere, as he led Falcolm from the merry company to the gloomy streets.

After a tedious walk, Sir Mortimer paused before a magnificent building, into which the twain were admitted, and, for the first time, Falcolm's gaze fell upon one who had truly read the past life of his king, and boldly prophesied his future.

She towered before a black caldron, in a brilliantly-lighted apartment, the velvet lined walls of which were covered with cabalistic horoscopes of remarkable characters.

She was gorgeously clad and deeply veiled. A wealth of tresses that almost swept the floor glittered like gold in the lamplight, and the exquisitely-chiseled arms, bare to the shoulder, excited the admiration of the curious cavalier.

In a mellow tone she spoke his name as he paused before the caldron, and bade him advance.

Sir Mortimer Vere remained at a respectful distance.

"Sir Esterbrook, I will read thy past, then thy future," she said, as a scarcely perceptible vapor rose from the depths of the ebony caldron.

The earl could not control his curiosity.

He touched the rim of the vessel, and gazed into it, to behold a dense white smoke suddenly ascending.

Siballa drew a ball of silken ribbon from her bosom and dropped it into the caldron, retaining one end of the string. Presently a little snake of deep green hue ascended the ribbon, which fell to pieces as he proceeded, and coiled around the sorceress' arm. This singular action completed, Siballa opened her mouth and read Sir Esterbrook's past life with a correctness that startled him, and caused him to think the creature before him more than a woman.

"Now thy future!" she said, slowly and

"Well, then, what had Brownie to do with the understanding between you and the Apaches?" I said.

"Now, that's talk, that ar', but what ther deuce yer'd call 't other palaver I don't know, ner I'm cussed of I wants to.

"Thar's Bruin; he will drop into that away, one's in a while; but, dam my ole moccasin, if I don't bu'st him uv it yit.

"But, Lordy, boyces, all this lyar hain't northin' to do wi' ther brown b'ar than an' ther 'Paches, hev it? Yet see, I jess warn't a b'ar like that 'un, so I puts off down to thar Mimbers when they ranges, and it warn't long afore I ketched sight uv a bu'st-

"When she see what I warnted, she scooted up to ther top uv ther rise an' set up a peculiar kind uv yellin', an' kep' it up till I short she'd sartainly bu'st her runnet, er something else, o'c'c' she didn't.

"While she war a-yowlin', me an' the b'ar war havin' a lively time uv it all to ourselves, though I do reckin' the b'ar hed most uv it.

"Lordy! how he did chaw an' scratch an' lug this chile! an' we hedn't been at it long before I begin ter think as how I'd be powerfully satisfied wi' jess on'y the b'ar's hide 'bout takin' uv him alive.

"At that moment, as if by accident, Siballa's sail disappeared in the snowy smoke, and the cavalier found himself face to face with—Editha Howard!

An English oath parted his lips. He saw that he was entrapped, and, not caring how the girl had escaped his spies to become a noted sorceress, he drew his sword, and turned to Sir Vere.

"Traitor!" he hissed, "bar not my way to yonder portal!"

Sir Mortimer remained motionless as a statue, and before the enraged cavalier could make a pass Editha's voice greeted his ears.

"Murderer! thy time has come," she cried, and he turned to behold the snake writhing in her grasp, far above her head.

He divined her intention; but ere he could plan a defense against the novel attack she sent the green serpent hissing through the air, and it sunk its horrid fangs into his neck, around which it closely coiled.

He did not shriek, but, clutching wildly at space, staggered back, and, sinking slowly to the floor, was a corpse in a few moments.

After gazing a few moments at the cavalier's face, rapidly swelling to an unnatural size, Editha looked at Vere.

"Mortimer, we will go now."

Enveloping herself in a cloak, she took the earl's arm, and that night forever disappeared Siballa, the vailed sorceress.

Ever since the night upon which she found an unknown body in the Thames, and decked it with her ring, she worked for revenge which proved Falcolm's doom.

Far and wide Charles hunted for the slayer of his favorite, and never discovered that it was Editha Howard, living in France as the wife of Mortimer Vere, whom she had loved in girlhood's sunny hour.

They found the body of a woman floating in the Thames. The delicately-molded features were disfigured by the fishes; but Editha's well-known ring encircled one of the tiny fingers, and so the ghastly object was laid away in the family vault, where slumbered many a generation of Howards. In a fit of insanity, occasioned by the death of her father, the beautiful one had taken her own life, and the cavalier, upon whose hands her innocent blood appeared, turned to new conquests.

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In a mellow tone she spoke his name as he paused before the caldron, and bade him advance.

Sir Mortimer Vere remained at a respectful distance.

"Sir Esterbrook, I will read thy past, then thy future," she said, as a scarcely perceptible vapor rose from the depths of the ebony caldron.

At that moment, as if by accident, Siballa's sail disappeared in the snowy smoke, and the cavalier found himself face to face with—Editha Howard!

An English oath parted his lips. He saw that he was entrapped, and, not caring how the girl had escaped his spies to become a noted sorceress, he drew his sword, and turned to Sir Vere.

"Traitor!" he hissed, "bar not my way to yonder portal!"

Sir Mortimer remained motionless as a statue, and before the enraged cavalier could make a pass Editha's voice greeted his ears.

"Murderer! thy time has come," she cried, and he turned to behold the snake writhing in her grasp, far above her head.

He divined her intention; but ere he could plan a defense against the novel attack she sent the green serpent hissing through the air, and it sunk its horrid fangs into his neck, around which it closely coiled.

He did not shriek, but, clutching wildly at space, staggered back, and, sinking slowly to the floor, was a corpse in a few moments.

After gazing a few moments at the cavalier's face, rapidly swelling to an unnatural size, Editha looked at Vere.

"Mortimer, we will go now."

Enveloping herself in a cloak, she took the earl's arm, and that night forever disappeared Siballa, the vailed sorceress.

Ever since the night upon which she found an unknown body in the Thames, and decked it with her ring, she worked for

revenge which proved Falcolm's doom.

Far and wide Charles hunted for the slayer of his favorite, and never discovered

that it was Editha Howard, living in France as the wife of Mortimer Vere, whom she had loved in girlhood's sunny hour.

They found the body of a woman floating in the Thames. The delicately-molded features were disfigured by the fishes; but Editha's well-known ring encircled one of the tiny fingers, and so the ghastly object was laid away in the family vault, where slumbered many a generation of Howards. In a fit of insanity, occasioned by the death of her father, the beautiful one had taken her own life, and the cavalier, upon whose hands her innocent blood appeared, turned to new conquests.

One night, six years subsequent to the thrilling incidents related above, Sir Esterbrook Falcolm felt an arm thrust through his, as he walked in the court of the royal palace.

He turned, and beheld his friend, Sir Mortimer Vere.

"Ha! I have found thee at last!" cried Sir Mortimer. "I came to bear thee from the gay company assembled here."

"Whither, Sir Mortimer?" asked Falcolm. "By my troth, I was wishing for a change of scene when thou camest."

"I am going to consult Siballa, the sorceress, and would that thou wouldst accompany me."

"With all my heart, Mortimer," cried Falcolm. "I would know the future, which I have been told this woman can reveal."

"Ay, and tell thee of the past, too," said Sir Vere, as he led Falcolm from the merry company to the gloomy streets.

After a tedious walk, Sir Mortimer paused before a black caldron, in a brilliantly-lighted apartment, the velvet lined walls of which were covered with cabalistic horoscopes of remarkable characters.

She was gorgeously clad and deeply veiled. A wealth of tresses that almost swept the floor glittered like gold in the lamplight, and the exquisitely-chiseled arms, bare to the shoulder, excited the admiration of the curious cavalier.

In a mellow tone she spoke his name as he paused before the caldron, and bade him advance.

Sir Mortimer Vere remained at a respectful distance.